

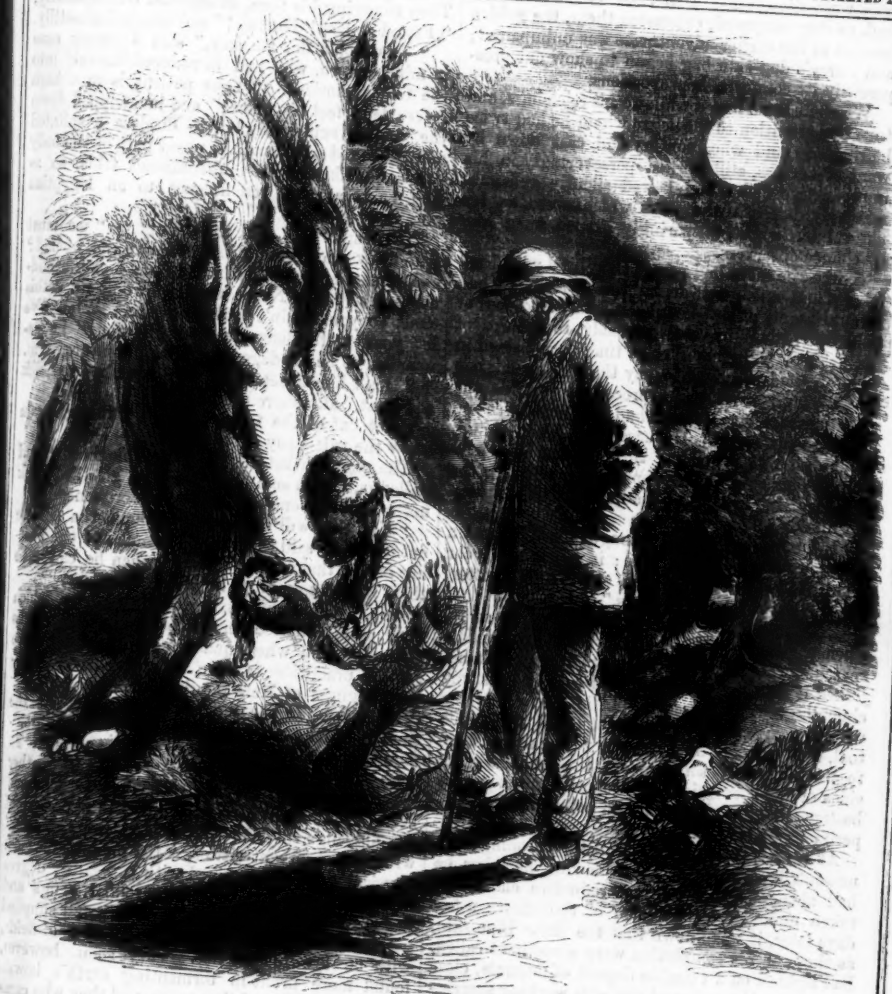
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RECOVERY OF THE CONCEALED TREASURE.

FRANK LAYTON: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY. CHAPTER XL.

DIGGING INCIDENTS.—A NURSE AND A SURGEON.

THE prospectors returned to their tent in high spirits. They had discovered a secluded creek,
No. 123, 1854.

some miles from the main body of the Turon diggers; and, by a clever feint, the partners, on the following day, succeeded in establishing themselves on the undisturbed ground before their absence from the more thronged diggings was suspected.

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And, whatever might be Percy Effingham's opinion or Mr. Chauker's morality—and it certainly was not heightened by the confidential communications of the friendly negro—he no longer questioned his efficiency as a gold-finder when a few hours' experience of the new claim proved it to be rich in the precious deposit.

For several days the partners worked in secrecy; and though no long time elapsed before they were watched on their unavoidable visits to Sofala for the purchase of stores, and were followed by others who were dissatisfied with their claims, or who had, as they supposed, exhausted them, the golden harvest of the earlier adventurers was unimpaired; and Percy's dog-skin bag began to show out prosperously its comfortable proportions.

We shall leave him a while to his rejoicings, and turn our attention to the negro whom he had twice befriended; and who, solitary and cast down by want of success, still worked perseveringly in his unproductive claim, and bowed silently and submissively beneath the jeers which were, as his natural birthright, unsparingly heaped upon him by chance observers.

A week or more had passed away, and with hard labour and much self-denial the poor fellow had scraped together and hoarded a small modicum of gold dust, equal in value, probably, to a third of his debt to Effingham. The time had passed in which he had promised to pay the whole, and, one day, pick on shoulder, he proceeded towards the place where Percy's tent had been, but was no longer to be found. Unsuccessful in his errand, the negro was returning through the diggings when a deserted claim stopped him; that is, he stopped at the margin of the hole, which was deep and muddy.

"If I could get down," thought he, "without a rope, I would try my fortune: it must be a poor hole if it is worse than mine; and if it is a better, I might get a partner perhaps."

But he had no rope; and he was turning away, when a passing miner playfully, or tyrannically, snatched the black man's pick from his hand, jerked it into the deep hole, and went on his way chuckling. The persecuted little fellow was too wise to quarrel, and he could not afford to lose his tool, neither could he borrow a rope; so, trusting to work his way somehow up the perpendicular sides of the excavation, he dropped himself to the bottom, regained his pick, and commenced an experimental working.

At sunset, the negro was still there, toiling with unwonted energy: on the following morning he had abandoned his own unproductive claim, and taken undisputed possession of the other: a few days later, it was known that the little Blue-skin, as those of his complexion were sometimes called, had lighted on a valuable deposit of nuggets, close down upon the rock, and was still working successfully in the "condemned hole."

Summer was far advanced, and the steep banks of the once solitary valley where the partners had re-pitched their tent, was busy and noisy with the operations of scores of miners, who had followed the successful pioneers. That first tent was yet standing; and the course of our story leads us beneath its dingy calico roof, where, stretched on

a dirty blanket on the ground, and with another spread over him, was its owner. His features were convulsed with pain, and, from time to time, a groan escaped him.

Not unheard; for, watching near, with looks of concern depicted on his sable countenance, was the small negro, who occasionally moistened the sick man's lips with water, and then again resumed his watchful position.

"Halliday, I say Halliday"—muttered the sleeping or delirious man—"why don't you speak, Halliday? What a sulky fellow you must be." Then changing his tone, he shouted triumphantly, "Found at last! Hurrah!" and laughed gashlyly.

"This won't do, Blackey," said a young man in miner's garb, who had introduced himself into the tent unnoticed. "Your patient is in a high fever; let's feel his pulse;" and he stripped down the blanket sufficiently low to disclose a splinted and bandaged arm, and the upper part of the body bandaged likewise in multitudinous folds, so as to give it a faint resemblance to an Egyptian mummy.

"I thought so," said the stranger; "we must take away some more blood; where's the bucket?—a queer thing to bleed a man in; looks formidable, doesn't it? Never mind, we won't fill it this time, so you needn't look so white. What d'ye let your teeth dance in that way for?" he demanded, as he bandaged round the uninjured arm.

"Don't like to see blood, sir: it makes me sick and faint," stammered the negro.

"Get out of the tent, then: stop, though, you know the rule—pay first, and then —"

The negro thrust his hand into his bosom, and pulled out, from some secret recess, a roll of bank notes, handing one silently to the surgeon-miner.

"Um, that will do; you shall have the change out in pills," said this rough specimen of the healing art; "that is," he added, "when he can take them;" and so saying, he pocketed his fee.

Unlike the Californian gold-regions, in which fever, ague, and dysentery are formidable drawbacks to success, and where quacks as well as the more regular practitioners have reaped rich returns—the diggings of New South Wales are generally too healthy for the medical profession. At the time of which we write, the salubrity of the gold-mines of Ophir and the Turon was proverbial. In spite of exposure to every variety of trying weather—rain, drought, frost, and sultry heat—there had been but few cases of serious sickness at either of the diggings. "The absence of strong drinks," wrote an observant visitor, "the plainest of food, physical activity combined with a healthy degree of mental excitement, seem to render drugs and doctors useless. A few of the latter, well supplied with the former, early repaired to the gold-fields, with an eye to practice. They soon, however, found more profit in tormenting earth's bowels than those of their fellow men; and they who came to drug remained to dig."*

The young surgeon, beneath the power of whose lancet Percy Effingham unfortunately lay prostrate, was one of these unsuccessful practitioners; and having been compelled to abandon his professional pursuit as a bad speculation, he was indifferent

* "Our Antipodes;" by Lieut.-Col. Mandy.

to the case of compound fracture and terrible crushing, which the falling in of a deep digging had thrown upon his hands. In other words, Percy Effingham had been nearly buried alive.

"There, the young fellow may do now," said the medico, re-appearing on the outside of the tent, and addressing the black; "keep him cool," he added; "don't feed him high; let him drink as much as he likes; tea won't hurt him; and call me if he gets worse, but not if I am not wanted, mind that; and—there, I believe that's all I have got to say;" and so saying, he hastened away.

CHAPTER XLI.

PERCY EFFINGHAM IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

LONG and carefully the black watched by the sick man's hard couch, and listened with awful gravity to his incoherent ravings. At length Percy slept soundly and quietly—a long, deep sleep—and woke to consciousness.

He looked round him with surprise. It was past midnight; and by the light of the lamp, which swung from the roof of his tent, he examined the few feet of circumference bounded by its folds. Then he tried to rise, but found himself weak and helpless, while the effort evidently sent a thrill of pain to his bandaged limb, or body, for he uttered a faint shriek.

The tent had no other occupants than the negro and himself; and, excepting his miner's garments, which formed his pillow, and a few articles of common use, it was bare.

"Halliday, I say, Halliday; what's the meaning of all this?" he asked in a tone intended for a shout, but it broke down in the middle, and ended in a hoarse whisper.

"You must call louder to make *him* hear, sir," said the black, gliding into the light, and presenting himself for the first time to Effingham's astonished notice.

Percy started: "No joking, Halliday," he said; "tell me what it all means; what have you been doing to me? and how came this black fellow here? You put him here to frighten me, I suppose."

"Don't you know me, Mr. Effingham?" asked the negro.

"Well, let me look at you: hold the light before your face. Ah, my ebony friend, I see. But where's Halliday and Chauker, and his hopeful son Josh? And what's the meaning of all this, I want to know."

To spare the reader the tediousness of a long conversation, carried on at intervals, we shall condense the negro's story into a few sentences; first explaining, however, that he had, some weeks before, after a long search, found Effingham at the new diggings, and repaid the loan, which, while it remained, was heavy on his honest conscience.

He had then, after a time, followed the stream of adventurers to the new and productive discovery of Mr. Chauker, and was working with quiet success, without intruding himself further on the notice of his benefactor, when, one day, an alarm was given through the diggings that a large excavation had fallen in and buried an unfortunate miner, who with his partners had, it seemed, sunk a perpendicular shaft of considerable depth, and then carelessly tunnelled underground. The top staff had fallen in, and the miner who was work-

ing at the time was supposed to be crushed beneath its superincumbent weight.

At the first alarm, the negro had left his work, and, with a crowd of fellow miners, hastened to the spot. With great labour, and after the lapse of some hours, the mass of earth, rock, slate, and gravel was removed, and the man drawn out, crushed and senseless, but not dead; and, in the sufferer, the compassionate black had recognised the man who had befriended him.

Percy was conveyed to his tent and operated upon by the young surgeon, and then left in the charge of his partners. But the next morning, when black Abraham ventured to the tent to make some timid inquiry as to how the patient had passed the night, he found to his astonishment that the tent was not only deserted by the partners, but had manifestly been stripped of all that was valuable; while the poor bruised and broken miner lay still senseless, but groaning and moaning, on the cold ground.

The wretches had decamped in the night, and left their unfortunate partner to his fate. This was evident. Their claim was deserted; and the horse and cart had disappeared.

The negro raised an outcry, but there was no response of sympathy. "Baugh! the man was as bad as dead—was sure to die; hadn't the doctor said as much? The partners might have stopped if they had liked, to put him in the ground; but they weren't obliged to do no such a thing," said a brawny fellow in a zebra-striped Guernsey shirt, to whom Abraham uttered his indignant accusations against Chauker and Co. So said also a mounted policeman, who added that "there wasn't any charge against the men as he could see. They took away what was their own," he supposed; "and if they had taken away more, the party they had robbed must make the complaint."

Abraham turned away abashed, and hastened back to the tent; thence to his own gunyah, returning with his own dirty blankets, and obtaining assistance to wrap the sufferer in them. He did not leave the tent that day, nor the next, nor the next, but sat patiently watching poor Percy's painful throes and laboured breathings, ministering to his wants from his own stores, and, as we have seen, paying for the unwilling attendance of the surgeon, in unreasonable fees, from his own resources. At length, after many days of insensibility, Percy Effingham regained his recollection, and listened to his friend Abraham's tale.

"Gone, are they?" said he; "the black and bitter traitors. But, Abraham, you say they have gone off with everything? Do you think they have moved off *the dust*, my black friend?"

"Reckon so, Mr. Effingham; wouldn't have gone without *that*, nohow," said Abraham, very decisively.

"Put your hand under my head, Abraham—gently though; and out with that bundle of clothes."

The black silently obeyed.

"Now, turn out the contents of the pockets. Prop my head up though, first; anything will do."

Abraham obeyed this injunction also, by stripping off his pilot-coat, and rolling it up into a bolster; and then, armed with the verbal search-warrant, he commenced a close investigation.

"No gold here, Mr. Effingham," said the black, when he had completely emptied every pocket.

"The belt, Abraham—there's something weighty in the belt, isn't there?" whispered the crippled miner.

No, nothing in the belt either. There was no belt: it had disappeared!

CHAPTER XLII.

A NEW FRIENDSHIP STRUCK UP.—A PLEASANT STRATAGEM.

SEVERAL weeks passed away, and Percy was slowly recovering from the effects of his accident. He was still weak, however; for he had received severe internal injury, and his arm had not been released from its confinement, and was sustained by a sling. He was consequently unable to resume his digging operations, and was dependent on the friendly aid of Abraham, who had constituted himself nurse and provider.

Several weeks, then, had passed away; and Percy sat by the fire at his tent door one evening, while Abraham was busy in cooking a savoury mess of mutton collops, his dusky countenance glistening with the moisture evoked by his pleasant occupation.

It was the misfortune of Percy Effingham, as it has been and is that of many other young men, until bitter experience teaches them a more just appreciation of themselves, to receive as a matter of course, and as his just due, the services and benefits conferred on him by others; not sinking, by any means, under the weight of obligation, but rather buoyed up by it in his own self-esteem. In other words, that he had, once and again, been rescued from dire distress by some unexpected source of relief, was to Percy an incontestable proof, not so much of the disinterested kindness and benevolence of others, as of his own extraordinary merits, which demanded the homage of the world in general. When he experienced unhand-some treatment, as in the case of Chauker and Halliday, it was black treachery, and a proof of most astonishing depravity; but when he met with a Frank Layton, to relieve him from the consequences of his own wicked folly; or a poor Rosa, to overwhelm him with gratitude for a manly impulse; or an Elliot, to raise him to a station of respectability; it was all right, just as it should be, the most natural and proper thing in the world, considering that it was himself—Percy Effingham—who was the recipient of these benefits. Indeed, we may go a step farther, and declare that such as Percy Effingham do often imagine that they confer immense honour, on the kindly disposed and compassionate, by accepting their help in time of need.

It was perhaps a favourable sign, then, of a subdued and improved state of feeling in Effingham, that he felt and expressed something like gratitude towards his sable friend. Not that he altogether remitted his tone of superiority and self-importance; but this had in a great measure disappeared, and a kindly intercourse had sprung up between them.

"How have you got on to-day, Abraham?" Percy asked, as they sat together by the fire, when the cooking was ended and their supper in progress. This progress was not uninteresting; for Percy's arm being for the time useless he was

dependent on his black friend for cutting his food into separate mouthfuls; and it was pleasant to witness the gravity with which this operation was performed on a battered tin plate, and the tender care with which Abraham selected the most tooth-some slices for the delectation of the convalescent's palate, in spite of a feeble remonstrance occasionally uttered. The negro was so intent indeed on his self-imposed duties, that Percy had to repeat his question.

"Middling," he at length answered, taking from an inner pocket a very dirty wooden lucifer box, and pouring out into his black palm a little heap of coarse glittering grains.

"Bravo! friend Abraham; why, there's a good half-ounce. I tell you what; it won't do for me to be idle any longer. I shall slip my arm out of the sling to-morrow."

"Mustn't, Mr. Effingham," said the black, shaking his head:—"better try first, sir, if your lame hand can lift a fork before you think of handling pick or shovel. Try now, sir."

"I never thought of that," replied Percy, laughing: "well, here goes." The attempt was a failure—the arm was powerless.

"You are right, Abraham; I must wait a little longer," said Percy, with an impatient groan.

"Mercey, Mr. Effingham, to be raised up again so comfortable. Minister made a good sermon about that yesterday, at Sofala."

"About what?" demanded Percy quickly. "Not about me, I should hope?"

"Not in partikler, sir; but about being spared, and raised up from beds o' death, and giving praise, and so on."

"He said some good things, I dare say," Effingham observed, in a tone of indifference.

"Abraham," he added, suddenly, as if a new thought had struck him, "you seem fond of going to that church."

"Yes, sir," the black replied, seriously; "yes, indeed."

"You 'have been there and still would go,' I suppose," said Percy.

"Most commonly, 'less you want me partikler next Sunday, Mr. Effingham."

"I want you? Oh, no. But, come now, what good do you think you get by it?"

"Learn about good things, Mr. Effingham. Great treasure in a big field, sir; better than gold diggings. The man sold all he had, and went and bought the field, Mr. Effingham; and digged, digged, digged, here and there and everywhere, till he find it; and then he made great cry of joy. Very beautiful that, sir."

Percy was moved. It may be that he had listened to this same parable as he sat by his mother's side, his head upon her knee; and now—

"Have you found that treasure, Abraham?" he asked, quietly.

"Poor black Abraham is very ignorant, Mr. Effingham; quite a fool: but it seems very grand. I think about it o' nights, sir, when I wake; and when I dig and pick and wash and sift, it seems I want that treasure more than all the gold."

"Where did you spring from, Abraham? I mean, where did you live before you came out here?"

"Sydney most times, Mr. Effingham; sometimes Paramatta: before then, I was out in the

bush; and before that, Mr. Effingham, I was on the big sea—out whaling."

"You used to go to church when you were at Sydney, I suppose?" Effingham asked.

"No, never, sir."

"You can read, I dare say?" Effingham continued.

The black man shook his head negatively.

"There was a fellow about here the other day," said Percy, in an altered tone, "offering bibles for sale. Do you know if he is gone?"

"Saw him last night, Mr. Effingham," replied the negro.

"If you have a mind to speculate, Abraham, I—I fancy I should like to have one; and then I could read a bit to you, about the treasure, and so forth, you know."

The negro sprang joyfully from his seat on the ground, and plunged into the tent. "See, Mr. Effingham," he shouted, "I got the field, sir;" and he held a bible aloft. "Minister said the bible the field, and treasure in it. There, Mr. Effingham."

"That seems to have taken fast hold of you, my friend; what else did the parson say?"

"Maybe, sir, you wouldn't like to hear all?"

"Oh, I can stand it, Abraham."

"The minister say, then, that the bible say, 'Love your enemies,' Mr. Effingham," said the black gravely.

"Ah, it does no doubt; and you think there's no love lost between me and the rascals that would have left me to die the death of a mangy dog?"

"You talk very strong sometimes, Mr. Effingham," said the negro.

"Strong! Why, what did the fellows do, Abraham?"

"Went away with your horse and cart, sir, and all the things out of the tent, and your gold as well. It was very wicked, sir; but —"

"You think they had the gold then?" Percy asked, with the same curious expression of countenance which Abraham had once before noticed.

"Most sure of it, Mr. Effingham. Of course they had."

"Do you know," observed Percy, "I almost doubt that."

The negro gave a start of amazement. "If they didn't take it, sir, who should have done so? You frighten me, Mr. Effingham; you surely don't think I took it?"

"No, I don't indeed; set your mind at rest, my sable friend. I'll tell you what I mean tomorrow. But now, Abraham, there's something else I have to say. You see how poor I am; I am living on you, and you have paid the doctor as well; and you see I can't work; how is all that to be managed?"

"All right that, Mr. Effingham: and maybe, sir, you ain't so poor as you think for."

"What do you mean, my good friend?"

"Look here, Mr. Effingham; you know you leave a big hole at Sofala; you know why, sir."

"I should think I do, Abraham," said Percy, laughing. "I, for one, don't fancy blistering my hands and jarring my shoulders for 'nothing a day, and find myself; so we left it for anybody else that liked to break their necks and hearts in it.'"

"Ah, I tried it after you left, Mr. Effingham;

though I didn't know who had been before me, then."

"You did, eh?" said Effingham, with a slightly aroused interest. "More simpleton you, I should say; only I guess by that twinkle of yours you mean something; so what did you turn up, Abraham?"

The negro deliberately pulled out from a secret pocket in the lining of his vest, or elsewhere, the roll of bank notes of which we have before spoken, and unfolded them on the ground, exhibiting also a nugget weighing probably a quarter of a pound.

"There, Mr. Effingham," he exclaimed; "if you had stopped a day longer at the old hole, you would have had all this—you and your partners. You didn't get down to the rock, sir; and when I worked and worked I came to what you call a nice rich pocket; and a gentleman came, and gave me all them notes—Sydney bank, Mr. Effingham—for all the gold I got in three days."

"I hope he didn't cheat you," said Percy.

"No, sir; all weighed fair; and this nugget I found afterwards, and plenty of dust besides."

"Well, all I can say about it is, that you were very fortunate; and I am glad it fell into such good hands, that's all."

"Not all, Mr. Effingham. I reckon that was your hole, sir; and all I found belongs half to you."

"Nonsense, my good fellow; you know better," replied Percy, considerably moved. "You know that when a party abandons a claim, anybody has a right to follow up the search, and take what he can find."

"Yes, I know all that, sir; but, Mr. Effingham, you were kind to poor Abraham on the mountains, and you took his part, and paid for his licence."

"This won't do, though," said Percy. "Put up your notes, my worthy fellow, or you may chance to lose them some other way; I shan't touch them. I tell you, no, no, no," he added, with good-humoured positiveness, which admitted of no further dispute at that time. "I tell you, I don't want it," he repeated, as the negro gathered up his notes unwillingly. "I am better off than you think for, my good friend; and I'll let you into a bit of a secret. I meant to have kept it till tomorrow; but half an hour's stretch will do me good, I think, if you'll come with me and help me along."

"Certainly, sir," said the black, with alacrity; and rising from their turf seats, and removing within the tent the few utensils of their supper board, not forgetting the bible, which Abraham reverentially wrapped in a handkerchief, the two men passed slowly through the encampment, Percy leaning for support on the negro's shoulder, and were soon silently proceeding up the valley.

The sun had some time set; but the moon had risen in the bright sky, and cast broad streams of light across their rough and tangled path. At length Percy stopped, beneath a tree of peculiar shape and character. They were probably a mile from the creek and camp, and the scene was impressively wild and solitary. It was not, however, to admire the scenery that Percy had invited the negro to accompany him. On the contrary, after scrutinizing the roots of the tree, which were

remarkably gnarled and rugged, he pointed to a particular spot, and requested his friend to dig with his knife to the depth of six inches below the surface. Abraham wonderingly obeyed, and, as the result, a weighty packet, in many folds of canvass, was disinterred.

Percy laughed loudly and merrily. "Take it up, Abraham," he said: "it won't bite you; 'tis all honest, my friend, honest as you are, and that's saying a good deal. And now, I'll tell you all about it. I had my suspicions of those partners of mine, Abraham, especially after you warned me against Chaquer; and so, when we shared, I took the precaution of conveying my gold to a safe place, you see, when they were out of the way; and, ha! ha! I should like to have seen poor Halliday when they overhauled my bag and belt—which they wouldn't do till they got to Sydney, perhaps—and found nothing in them but a heap of mica scales and nobbets of iron pyrites." And chuckling at intervals at the success of his stratagem, Percy and his sable companion returned to the camp with the recovered treasure.

JAPAN IN LONDON.

Of all countries in the world Japan is that of which Europeans know the least, and of which, as a natural consequence, the general desire is to know more. The islands which constitute this isolated eastern empire were first made known to the inhabitants of the western world by the discoveries of the Portuguese mariners, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Portugal, as a matter of course, profited by the discovery through the establishment of a lucrative traffic; and fabulous accounts are on record of the immense gains said to have arisen from this source. To this state of prosperity the missions of the Jesuits put an end. The authorities of the island took mortal umbrage at the attempt to proselytise the inhabitants, and summarily expelled the Portuguese from their territory, and have cherished from that time to this the most deeply rooted antipathy towards them. In 1640, the court of Lisbon sent an embassy to Japan, with a view of renewing an intercourse, the abrupt termination of which they had never ceased to deplore. The embassy met with a most disastrous fate—the whole sixty-five persons, of which it was composed, being arrested and beheaded at the same instant by sixty-five executioners. This act was followed by a proclamation forbidding the Portuguese, under pain of death, to approach the island. The God of the Christians was also banished by the same proclamation; and their hatred to Christianity, or rather to that form of worship inculcated by the Jesuits, originated a law compelling the inhabitants once a year to trample on the cross, as a testimony of their abhorrence of the religion of which it is the emblem.

After the expulsion of the Portuguese, the people of Japan harboured the most extreme jealousy against foreigners, debarring them from their coasts. The only exceptions are in favour of the Chinese and the Dutch—the former being allowed to send twelve junks, and the latter one vessel annually, for the transaction of trade. The Dutch

have been also allowed, occasionally, to send an ambassador to the court of Japan, and it is to the journals of the literati accompanying these embassies that we are chiefly indebted for the little information we possess respecting the country. The port of Nangasaki is the only one open to the Dutch vessels, and immediately upon their arrival they are boarded by customs officers, and a diligent investigation, extending even to the ripping open of beds, the fathoming of butter-tubs and pickle-jars, and the sounding of cheeses, takes place, in search of contraband goods. All books and pictures of devotion, and all fire-arms, ammunition, and weapons of every sort, are seized and detained in custody till the departure of the vessel on its home voyage; and the crew is marched off to a little artificial islet called Dezima, built upon piles, and inclosed between high palisades. Here they are confined during the whole of their stay in the country, under the safeguard of a band of Japanese domestics, who act at once the parts of servants, custodians, and spies. They can only quit their prison as a special favour, to be bought at a high price, or on the occasion of an embassy to the court—their guardians being inexorable to all other appeals. The business which is transacted under such restraints had need be profitable.

The area of Japan is about equal to that of Great Britain, and its population is variously estimated at from thirty to fifty millions. They are nominally under the sway of two sovereigns—the one spiritual, the other temporal. The Mikado, or spiritual sovereign, appears to bear some affinity to the Grand Lama of Thibet: he is honoured almost as a god, and the spirit of the gods is supposed to dwell in him; but he is virtually nothing more than the puppet of the priests, who, under the pretence of preserving his sacred person from the contamination of the vulgar gaze, no doubt make their market of the mystery with which they surround him. In like manner, the Zigoon, or temporal sovereign, is as efficiently trammelled by a cabinet of leading nobles. By the constitution of the country, if the Zigoon departs from the decisions of his cabinet, the matter is referred to the arbitration of three of the royal princes. If they decide against him, he must abdicate his throne; if against the council, they must rip themselves open; so there is virtually a prohibition against disagreement, and affairs are generally managed with remarkable unanimity. The system of espionage is general. The whole country is parcelled out into minute subdivisions, containing five families each, and all are responsible for the conduct of their members. Thus every man is in some sort a policeman, and a spy upon his fellow. There are also official informers in the pay of the government. As might be expected, their laws are cruel and sanguinary. Most crimes are punished with death; and, besides the real criminals, all those suffer with him who, by the custom of the country, are held responsible for his good behaviour.

The country of Japan is described, by those who have had opportunities of visiting it, as extremely fertile, and cultivated to the utmost pitch of art. The lofty hill-sides are laid out in terraces, and evidences of the most careful industry abound in every quarter. This fact alone is suggestive of a

densely crowded population, and it would not surprise us to learn that the inhabitants of the country really amount to far greater numbers than even the highest of the estimates alluded to above.

The above brief summary of what is known respecting Japan appeared to us an appropriate introduction to the Japanese exhibition now open in Pall Mall. The articles there submitted to view, and for sale, are the identical objects of commerce obtained by the Dutchmen from the Japanese in the palisaded islet of Dezima, and being brought to Europe, in their annual ship, are now exposed to the admiration and competition of the Londoners. The collection is not very large—not much larger than might be contained in a single compartment of the Crystal Palace. We will stroll through it for a few minutes, and report observations for the benefit of the reader.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is the unexpected sight of articles of English furniture, which indeed make up the greater part of the collection—cabinets, wardrobes, loo-tables, writing-desks, work-boxes, etc., etc., all unmistakably English in design, being scattered about in all directions. On inquiring of the attendants, he will learn that these are all "copies" of European goods in Japanese material; and he will be referred to a few articles of genuine Japan design, contrasting remarkably with the general mass. Some of these are small cabinets with sliding doors, made upon a principle unknown to European workmen; others are tables of polyceircular shape, with designs in frosted gold upon a ground of jet. Round the room are a number of screens, covered with scenes rudely painted of Japanese life, upon a light buff ground. The greatest curiosity and novelty in the manufacturing way appears to be the specimens of egg-shell porcelain, consisting of tea and coffee services no thicker in reality than an egg-shell, of the finest porcelain, showing the clearest and firmest texture, having perfectly smooth surfaces within, and delicate designs of a mixed pattern without. They must be manufactured by a process analogous to that which produces the hollow-pressed ware in the Staffordshire potteries; but the manner of baking them, so as to preserve the shape and contour of a material so marvellously thin and fragile, is, perhaps, an art unknown to our manufacturers. The vessels are larger than those in use with us, and the tea-cups are provided each with a cover closely fitting—a necessary addition where the tea is made, as it always is in the east, by infusion in the cup—the tea-pot being a contrivance unknown. Many of these services we observed, are sold, and they will probably originate experiments among our own potters.

Another novelty is a collection of small and elegant basket-work, manufactured from the polished rind of the bamboo cane, split into narrow strips not broader than the straw used for plating bonnets. The same material might be easily obtained by our own basket-makers. These productions are various in shape and size, adapted either for table ornaments or ladies' reticules. They are woven, with astonishing skill, in patterns of much minuteness and complexity, and of a material so durable that, with average care, they will last a lifetime. Still more extraordinary, though they can

scarcely be regarded as novelties, are designs of various sorts, as hand-screens, lids of boxes, etc., executed in straw and coloured grasses, with an effect resembling that of paintings in mosaic. Some of them are extremely striking and bold, and a high price is demanded for them. There is no reason why such things should not be manufactured in England, as all the materials are to be had at small cost. Young women of taste, we are persuaded, might turn their talents in this way to a profitable account.

In articles of bronze the Japanese have made considerable progress; the metal is excellent, the castings clean, and with a sharp, clear impression. The designs, however, when they are not monstrous or purely fanciful, as in the images of idols and apocryphal beasts, fall far short of correctness and similarity to nature, and show that art is at a low ebb among them. Many of the bronzes have been purchased by public institutions, and still more by private collectors, as objects of curiosity.

A part of the collection consists of silk dresses, or dressing-gowns, delicately padded throughout with soft wool or cotton. They must be a luxury to the wearer, but have no claim to elegance, being constructed on the elastic principle, to fit any purchaser. Most of the articles of furniture are richly ornamented with designs wrought in mother-of-pearl. We are of opinion that many, if not most, of these designs, representing wreaths of leaves or flowers, are of European origin, as they evince much more talent and taste than appears to have been expended on the articles which are purely the result of native art; but of this we cannot be certain. One thing, and it is an important one, we must in justice to our home manufacturers remark, and it is this: showy and beautiful as are these products of Japanese industry, they really fall, in perfection of workmanship, far short of the results of our home industry in the same department. The men of Birmingham beat the Japanese hollow in the art of japanning—confining the signification of that term to the black jet polish usually understood by it. The eastern artificer, laying his ground upon a surface of soft pine-wood, cannot altogether prevent its finally settling in a series of minute hollows—an appearance which, upon close scrutiny, is detectable in most of the Japanese specimens imported to this country. The Birmingham manufacturer lays his ground upon a basis of *papier maché*, dried to the solidity of flint, and his surfaces in consequence retain to the last a level as unbroken as that of a sheet of plate-glass. In matters of mere ornamentation the English are still farther in advance of the Japanese. Any one inclined to question this assertion is referred to the show-rooms of Messrs. Jennens and Betteridge, or of any other of the celebrated home manufacturers, where they can institute a comparison if they choose.

Apart, however, from the comparative excellence of their manufactures, we accept this importation of the industry of the Japanese as an earnest of future progress. The successful copying of European goods may, and we hope will, prove the first step towards an enlarged, a more liberal and permanent intercourse with the western world. Laplace's scientific work is said to be translated into Japanese.



A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD AND ITS VICINITY.

It was on a bright calm morning towards the close of September that we started from the inn at Galashiels, where we had arrived at a late hour on the preceding evening, to visit Abbotsford and some of the adjacent scenes, which the genius of the mighty minstrel had invested with sufficient interest to our minds to render them the chief object, upon that occasion, of our northern tour.

One of our party (we were four in number, and on foot—the true mode of enjoying such an excursion) was well acquainted with the locality of every spot with which the slightest interest was associated; and was, moreover, admirably qualified to act as *cicerone* by an unbounded enthusiasm for every thing connected, however remotely, with the person, the genius, or the memory of the illustrious poet. We had not, therefore, proceeded far before he stopped us by exclaiming, "There are the woods and house of Abbotsford; and there, behind them, are the Eildon hills! There you see Gala-water chafing as it joins the Tweed. And yonder are the braes of Yarrow, and the vale of Ettrick!" It was impossible not to catch some portion of the enthusiasm with which he thus uttered names that we had often heard and read of with emotion, especially as the beautiful scenery to which they be-

longed was now spread in bright reality before us, and we learned to distinguish each amid the calm light shed around them from a cloudless autumn sky.

Abbotsford is situated about two miles from Galashiels, between that town and Selkirk. The house occupies the crest of the last of a broken series of hills descending from the Eildons to the Tweed, whose silver stream it overhangs. The grounds are richly wooded, and diversified with an endless variety of "bushy dells and alleys green;" while through all, the river,

"Wandering at its own sweet will," gives its exquisite finish to a picture such as needs no association whatsoever, nothing but its own intrinsic loveliness, to leave its image indelibly impressed upon the mind.

We soon arrived at the entrance gate, a lofty arch in an embattled wall; and here our attention was directed by our enthusiastic friend to the first instance of sir Walter's anxiety to accumulate around his residence as many relics as possible of the olden time, in the rusty chains and rings, called "*jougs*," to which the bells were attached, and which had been brought from one of the ancient castles of the Douglasses in Galloway. The approach—which is very short, as the high road runs through the grounds in rather close propinquity to the house—is by a broad trellised



DRYBURGH ABBEY, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

walk, overshadowed with roses and honeysuckles; on one side was a screen of open gothic arches filled with invisible network, through which we caught delightful glimpses of a garden with flower-beds, turrets, porches leading into avenues of rosaries, and bounded by noble forest trees. We came at once upon the house, the external appearance of which utterly defies description. At either end rises a tall tower, but each totally different from the other; and the entire front is nothing but an assemblage of gables, parapets, eaves, indentations, water-spouts with strange droll faces, painted windows, Elizabethan chimneys; all apparently flung together in the very wantonness of irregularity, and yet producing, as we all agreed, a far more pleasing effect than any sample of architectural propriety, whether ancient or modern, that we had ever seen.

A noble doorway—the fac-simile, as our well-informed guide apprised us, of the ancient royal palace of Linlithgow, and ornamented with stupendous antlers—admitted us into the lofty hall; the impression made upon entering which was

such as never could be forgotten. There are out two windows, and these, although lofty, being altogether of painted glass, every pane deep dyed with gorgeous armorial bearings, the sudden contrast between the less than “dim religious light” which they admitted, and the glare of day from which we had entered, together with the thought of whose roof-tree it was beneath which we stood, and whose the spirit that had called into existence the strange beauty with which we rather felt than saw ourselves to be surrounded, was oppressive—almost overpowering. Not a word was spoken for some moments, until our eyes became accustomed to the sombre colouring of the apartment, which we then perceived to be about forty feet in length and twenty in breadth and height, the walls being of dark richly-carved oak, and the roof a series of pointed arches, from the centre of each of which hung a richly emblazoned shield. Around the cornice were also a number of similar shields. Our *cicerone* pointed out amongst them the bloody heart of Douglas, and the royal lion of Scotland. The floor of the splendid hall is paved with black

and white marble, brought, we were told, from the Hebrides; and magnificent suits of armour, with a profusion of swords of every variety, occupy the niches, or are suspended on the walls.

From the hall we were shown into a narrow vaulted apartment running across the entire house, with an emblazoned window at either end. Here were an endless variety of armour and weapons, amongst them Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. C., around the touch-hole; Hofer's blunderbuss; the pistols taken from Buonaparte's carriage at Waterloo; a beautiful sword which Charles I presented to Montrose; together with thumb-screws and other instruments of torture, the dark memorials of days of savage cruelty, we trust gone by for ever.

Beyond this armoury is the dining-room, with a low carved roof, a large bow window, and an elevated dais. Its walls were hung in crimson, and thickly covered with pictures, among which were the duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a portrait of Hogarth, by himself; and a picture of the head of Mary queen of Scots—said to have been painted the day after her execution—with an appalling ghastliness of countenance, the remembrance of which for days afterwards was like that of an unpleasant dream.

A narrow passage of sculptured stone conducted us from this apartment to a delicious breakfast-room, with shelves full of books at one end, and the other walls well covered with beautiful drawings in water-colour, by Turner. Over the chimney-piece was an oil painting of a castle overhanging the sea, which our *cicerone* affirmed to be the Wolf's crag. A number of curious-looking cabinets formed the most remarkable feature in the furniture of this apartment; but its chief charm was in the lovely prospect from the windows, which on one side overlook the Tweed, and give a view of the Yarrow and of Ettrick upon the other. While standing here, looking out upon the glad water sparkling in the sunshine, with the overhanging woods now putting on the golden livery of autumn, and thinking how often must the mighty minstrel's eye and mind have drunk in poetic inspiration as he gazed upon the same bright scene, one of our party repeated, in a low tone of deep feeling, the lines from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which are in some respects so touchingly applicable to the closing scenes of the life of their gifted author:—

"Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Tiviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan."

The windows were open; it was the very season, but a few days from the anniversary, of his death; the weather now, as it had been then, was warm and sunny; the gentle murmur of the river was audible, as we are told in his biography it was when his weeping sons and daughters knelt around

his bed just as the spirit was departing; and as that solemn scene rose vividly before the excited imagination, there came with it, perhaps more deeply than had ever been before experienced, a feeling of the mutability, the nothingness, of all that earthly fame or rank or riches can bestow. The bright scene was there unchanged, but where was he who gave the charm to its brightness—who had rendered it almost unrivalled in its interest by any similar locality in the world!

On passing from this room, which we left most reluctantly, we came into a green-house with an old fountain playing before it—one that had formerly stood by the cross of Edinburgh, and had been made to flow with wine at the coronations of the Stuarts. This brought us into the drawing-room, a large and very handsome apartment, elegantly furnished with ancient ebony, crimson silk hangings, mirrors, and portraits—amongst the latter, a noble portrait of Dryden, one of Peter Lely's best. After pausing here for some minutes, we passed into the largest room of all, the library—a most magnificent apartment, about fifty feet in length by thirty in width, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, containing a large bow window. The roof is of richly-carved oak, as are also the bookcases, which reach high up the walls. The books were elegantly bound, amounting, we were told, in number to about twenty thousand volumes, all arranged according to their subjects. Amongst them were presentation copies from almost every living author in the world. Our attention was arrested in particular by a "Montfaucon," in fifteen folio volumes, with the royal arms emblazoned on the binding, the gift of king George IV. There were cases opposite the fireplace, wired and locked, one containing books and mss. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another, treatises on magic and *diablerie*, said to be of extreme rarity and value. In one corner stood a tall silver urn upon a porphyry stand, upon which we could not but look with an intensely mournful interest; it was filled with human bones, and bore the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, lord Byron, to sir Walter Scott, bart." There was but one bust—a Shakespeare; and one picture—sir Walter's eldest son in hussar uniform, in the apartment.

Connected with this noble library, and facing the south, is a small room, the most interesting of all—the retreat of the poet—where many of the most admired productions of his genius were conceived and written. It contained no furniture, except a small writing-table in the centre, an arm-chair covered with black leather, and one chair besides for a single privileged visitor. On either side of the fireplace were shelves with a few volumes, chiefly folios; and a gallery running round three sides of the room, and reached by a hanging stair at one corner, also contained some books. There were but two portraits, those of Claverhouse and Rob Roy. In one corner was a little closet opening into the gardens, forming the lower compartment of one of the towers, in the upper part of which was a private staircase accessible from the gallery. This was the last portion of the mansion which we were permitted to explore; and after a hurried ramble through the grounds—where exquisite walks, with innumerable seats and ar-

hours, commanding views of gleamy lakes and most picturesque and lovely waterfalls, told eloquently of the matchless taste that had there found recreation from its toil—we bid a long adieu to Abbotsford.

Our next visit was to Melrose Abbey, which,

"Like some tall rock with lichens gray,"

rose before us as we turned down a narrow street of the little town of Melrose. It is, in truth, perhaps the very loveliest pile of monastic ruins that the eye can see or the imagination can conceive. The windows, and especially the glorious east window with all its elaborate tracery—upon the repairs of which, (as of the entire building,) conducted under his immediate auspices, we were told that sir Walter Scott had bestowed the utmost care—are almost unrivalled, altogether unsurpassed, as specimens of Gothic architecture. Under the east window we were shown the grave of the wizard Michael Scott, immortalized in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" and, close by it, a small flat stone, about a foot square, under which our guide informed us lies the heart of Wallace.

In one of the naves are seven niches, exquisitely ornamented with sculptured foliage, and reminding us of the lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair."

Each glance at the lovely east window recalled in like manner the stanzas from the same poem:

"The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldest have thought some faery's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

The figures and heads which abound throughout the ruin are some of them very beautiful, and others singularly grotesque. There is a cripple on the back of a blind man, in which the pain of the former and the sinking of the latter beneath his unwieldy burthen are expressed in stone as we do not often see anything of the kind in painting. Close to the south window is a massive-looking figure peering through the ivy, with one hand to his throat, while in the other he grasps a knife, and a figure below holds a ladle as if to catch the blood from his self-inflicted wound. Not far from these is a group of merry musicians; and blended with some of the most highly-wrought tracery in the windows is the figure of a sow playing the bagpipes.

The latter part of the day we devoted to Dryburgh Abbey. The scenery between Melrose and Dryburgh is exceedingly beautiful. The road overhangs the Tweed, fringed with rich plantations to the water's edge; and as it crosses the hill of Bemerside it commands a lovely view of the river winding round an island, with a solitary house upon it—the only remains, our *cicerone* told us, of "old Melrose."

A low gateway at one side of a narrow lane, at the foot of which runs the Tweed, admitted us into the wooded grounds of Dryburgh; and after

passing the residence, which we did not pause to examine, we came to a wooden fence around the abbey. It is a beautiful ruin, embosomed in dense foliage, and having a very fine radiated window covered with ivy. It contains little, however, in the way of architectural remains, to attract the notice of those who have previously visited Melrose. Our thoughts were all upon the one spot, the aisle called St. Mary's, beneath the right hand arch of which is the last resting-place of him whose spell had been upon us all the day. The spot is marked by a plain flat stone, about three feet from the ground, with the simple inscription, "Sir Walter Scott, bart." Our hearts and eyes were full, some at all events to overflowing: the mighty genius, and the broken heart—the lordly mansion, and the lowly grave—the contrast was painfully oppressive; and "Poor sir Walter!" burst in broken accents almost simultaneously from our lips.

"The last abode,
The voiceless dwelling of the bard is reached;
A still majestic spot; girt solemnly
With all the imploring beauty of decay;
A stately couch 'midst ruins! meet for him
With his bright fame to rest in."

These are the recollections of many years ago. What changes in the poet's home, or around the poet's grave, may since then have taken place the writer seeks not to inquire. He knows, however, that many an "added stone" within the ruins of Dryburgh, inscribed with the names of children summoned in their prime to the "narrow house appointed for all living," bears still further testimony to the utter vanity of that chief desire to be the founder of an illustrious house and family; but no further knowledge is capable of adding to the impressiveness of the lesson, which it is difficult to conceive how any one who has ever visited or meditated upon Abbotsford and Dryburgh can have failed to learn, or, having so learned, can forget the lesson so well expressed in the one line of a Christian poet:—

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies!"

PINCHER INVALIDED.

MY good dog Pincher had, some time ago, to my no small grief, been in a declining way. An unwonted sobriety and seriousness was the first symptom of his approaching declension. Instead of tearing and scampering about the house and garden like a mad creature at first sight of me in the morning, and wagging his tail in regular thumps on the carpet as he was wont to do, he took to welcoming me with an endearing sort of whine, more human than canine, a moist suppliant eye, and a tremulous motion of his caudal terminus more like the vibration of a magnetic needle than anything else with which I can compare it. Then, instead of making his bed at night with exactly three revolutions on the hall mat, and lying down in it, with his nose in the centre, to sleep in quiet—a ceremony which he invariably performed as soon as the bed-room candles made their appearance—he took to attempts at making his bed in all sorts of holes and corners, twenty times a day, turning round a dozen times instead

of three, and not lying down in it after all. Then his appetite, which only moderated at first, failed him altogether; the moisture on his cold nose dried up; shivering fits crept over him; his sleek furry coat grew rough and tangled; and leanness came on, "till his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him," and his poor bones squared unsightly protuberances to the view.

What was to be done? A domestic consultation elicited a variety of opinions. My better half suggested that poor Pincher might be breaking up with old age; but six years is hardly more than maturity for a water-spaniel, and I know that Pincher is not older than that. Betty gave it as her decided opinion that he had swallowed a bung-cork, or a buttered sponge, or something of the kind, which had hermetically sealed up his alimentary canal, and therefore there could be no hopes of him. Tom would have it that the butcher's dog round the corner had given him a sly gripe, and that Pincher, poor fellow, was dying of it; but there was no visible wound on Pincher's body to substantiate Tom's assertion. Our consultation failed to produce any remedial measures; but the butcher's man happening to come to the door at the moment, I referred Pincher's unfortunate case to him.

"Sure-ly," said he, "that there dog *is* out o' condition, and don't look respectable no-ways. Our boy shall drown him for you, sir, if you like."

"Thank you," said I, "time enough for that; I will have him cured, if possible."

"Well, sir, if you like to lay out money on him—and to be sure he's wuth it—I know a man that can cure him, if anybody can."

Thereupon I took down the address of the canine physician, and finding that his abode lay scarcely a furlong out of my daily route citywards, I put poor Pincher in a cab, and drove off to the address indicated.

It was in a small house, in a narrow back street in the very heart of the city, that the professor of canine therapeutics resided. On a sign-board, exalted over the window of his little shop, was a capital portrait of a water-spaniel, the very model of Pincher himself, and surrounded by legends of considerable length, setting forth the medical qualifications of the professor. On entering, I found the worthy man—a personage considerably advanced in life, and of almost Johnsonian figure and feature—seated behind a small counter, in the act of preparing medicines for his four-footed patients. He was surrounded with bottles, jars, gallipots, and pill-boxes, ranged on shelves on all sides, and was well provided with the usual pharmaceutical implements which we are accustomed to meet with in an apothecary's shop. From the walls and ceiling hung several cages, some of them of singular construction, containing singing and talking birds. These, he informed me, were not his property, but had been confided to his care by their owners, some of whom were officers in the army and navy, appointed to serve on foreign stations during the present war, who preferred paying him for their safe custody and proper treatment to the risk of leaving them in the charge of servants or strangers; a rather curious instance, I thought, of the characteristic regard of brave men for feeble, fragile, and helpless creatures.

On introducing poor Pincher to the good man's notice, he took him in his arms, and tenderly turning back his eyelids, and looking at the bared orb for a few moments, assured me that he could effect a perfect cure in the course of a few weeks, though it might take some months for the animal to recover flesh and condition. Having settled the necessary preliminaries with regard to Pincher, and finding the medicus no way unwilling to be communicative, I gathered, in the course of the conversation that followed, a few facts relative to the contingencies of the canine race in London, which, in connexion with some particulars derived from other sources, it may be worth recording.

The London dog-trade, ever since the passing of Mr. Hawes's bill, which enfranchised the draught dogs of the metropolis, and filled the surrounding rivers, canals, drains, and ditches with their abandoned carcasses, has been confined almost exclusively to the breeding, the importation, and the sale of pets and fancy dogs: the exceptions are, the transactions in the fighting-dog line—a class of animals who do not come very much under the hand of the professional man, being mostly doctored, when they want doctoring, by their owners. The trade in fancy dogs is not one at which any man can honestly make a fortune, the loss by death being very great, and the successful rearing of an animal which will command a high price being a comparatively rare occurrence in the experience of any one man. Few men devote themselves entirely to the business, which is carried on for the most part by amateurs, who engage in it as much from a natural love for animals as from the gain they derive from it. The notion that such persons are cruel to the animals they rear is a gross absurdity; on the contrary, they would generally submit to any deprivation themselves, rather than inflict it on their favourites. It is the unfortunate rat who is the object of cruelty. The rat and the dog are equally the companions of man; but, with the former, man has no sympathy, and no pleasure connected with him, but in his death, and he educates the dog to kill him. Millions of rats are caught alive, and hunted to death in the training of dogs; rat-killing being the chief accomplishment of the pet terrier, and the test of the purity of his descent.

Great as is the number of dogs bred in London, the home-produce is not enough to meet the demand, and many are constantly imported from all parts of the world. Poodles have been known to travel twelve thousand miles from China; and perhaps we ought to congratulate them upon their escape from a land where they are ranked as butcher's meat, to one where they are received as favoured guests in the drawing-room—saved from revolving on the spit or swimming in the tureen, to be fondled on satin in a lady's lap. Terriers are brought from the Isle of Skye, and small spaniels from Holland. Italy sends a miniature grey-hound; and various different breeds, rarely weighing more than five pounds per individual, come from different parts of the continent. The traders in dogs may be seen in fine weather standing at the corners of streets, with half a dozen specimens of their merchandise seated on arm and shoulder, or yelping round their feet, and perhaps as many little shaggy heads peeping forth from

their capacious pockets. These may be honest men, for aught we know; but we are bound to state that the legitimate dog-traders are at least equalled in number by the dog-pirates who constantly infest the streets of London, seeking whose dog they may purloin. Evidence of their exploits is continually visible in the shop-windows, in the shape of hand-bills offering rewards for the recovery of lost dogs.

There are several dog-hospitals in London, whether diseased dogs are sent by their owners for medical treatment. The practice in these hospitals has diminished since the passing of the act above alluded to, though doubtless many interesting cases are still to be found in the various wards. Our good friend once had a hospital himself, but the pirates broke into it at night, and marched off with a valuable prize; and since then he has housed his patients in his own domicile, where, as he takes but a few at a time, they do not incommodate him, and are all the better attended to.

Many of the dogs of the first class, belonging to the aristocracy, are, when sick, attended by the "regular faculty:" and this, according to our informant, is perfectly as it should be. "For," says he, "the anatomy of the dog resembles much more than you might suppose that of the human being; and whether it be that, associating with mankind so much, and leading a sort of artificial life, he has picked up a kind of human constitution, I don't pretend to say; but it is very certain that he is liable to a good many of the disorders to which we are ourselves subject. It is a fact, that there is hardly a dog that lives out of doors in the mud and wet but what gets the rheumatism very bad, just as we should do if we led the same sort of life. Then they get the asthma from being tied up in damp places. Lots of them die in their youth from a disease very like consumption. When overgorged and indulged, they will die of apoplexy. They perish by epidemics and fevers at times; and they get nervous and hippish, just like lazy gentle-folks, when they get no exercise. Now, I've studied dogs, and very little else, for forty years, and I s'pose I know what a dog is. I never want to look further than a dog's eye to know what's the matter with him. You can tell something by the tongue, but the tongue's deceitful; the eye tells you the truth, if you know how to judge of it. I'll show you a dog (and he fetched one hardly bigger than its own tail from an inner room)—What should you think was the matter with that dog?"

"Have not the slightest idea."

"Fits, sir—come from China eighteen months ago—and they've allowed his wool to grow till he was smothered in it. I've cut off more than his own weight, docked all but his tail, you see; and he's a coming round, though he's a little bit fittified still. He'll be all right in another month, except his cont. Here's another, one of the handsomest terriers ever you see—two years old, and weighs less than three pounds; there's nothing the matter with him; he's here upon diet—I shan't give him medicine."

"What medicines do you generally use?"

"I prepare all my medicines myself, in order that I may be sure of their effects; but I use pretty nearly the same drugs that I should give to the

best friend I had in the world, if he was ill and I had to doctor him. There are some exceptions, but not many: thus, if you or I take a powerful dose of aloes, it gripes us fearful; but a dog will swallow a lump of it and feel nothing: on the other hand, you may take calomel, four or five grains, and do you good, while half a grain might kill a dog. But, generally speaking, the same medicine produces pretty nigh the same effects both in dogs and men."

"Do you ever administer bark?" I asked; but the good man was superior to a joke, and replied seriously that he did not, because minute doses of quinine were better and more easy to manage.

The tenderness with which he handled his patients, and the grateful fondness of the creatures themselves for their benefactor were amusing to witness; and I left Pincher in his care with the full assurance that all that science and kindness could do would be done for his restoration.

Sure enough, three weeks after, that saucy young dog came home again, and brought such an appetite with him as was quite terrific to witness. The first thing the rascal did was to jump upon my writing-table, whisking off my papers right and left with his furious long tail, and commence licking my face. Then his impudence dashed out of the open window into the garden, and set to work digging up a lot of bones which he had buried against a hungry day, and, planting himself in the centre of the grass plat, employed the whole of the morning in settling the arrears of that account. He has recovered now nearly all his flesh and more than all his vivacity; in fact, there is no teaching him decorum. Down Pincher! Ha! would you? Down, sir!

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK.

AMONG the numerous works which of late years have teemed from the press, in reference to the land of our transatlantic brethren, we have noticed few that, on the whole, have afforded us more pleasure and instruction in the perusal than a little publication lately put forth by those enterprising publishers, Messrs. Binns and Goodwin.* As a specimen of its matter and style, we present the following passages, containing the author's first experiences in America:—

It was late in the afternoon of an intensely cold day, which caused the spray to congeal as it dashed against the bulwarks and cordage of the vessel, that we desecrated with great pleasure, looming indistinctly in the distance, the shores of Sandy Hook, a desolate-looking island, near the coast of New Jersey, about seven miles south of Long Island Sound. This, the captain informed me, was formerly a peninsula, but the isthmus was broken through by the sea in 1767, the year after the declaration of American independence, an occurrence which was at the time deemed ominous of the severance of the colonies from the mother country, and which proved in reality to be the precursor of that event.

* "An Englishman's Travels in America: his Observations of Life and Manners in the Free and Slave States." By J. Benwell. London: Binns & Goodwin.

The sight of *terra firma*, though at a distance and but gloomy in aspect, put all on board in buoyant spirits; but these were but transitory, our enthusiasm being soon damped by a dense fog, resembling those the Londoners are so accustomed to see in the winter, and which in an incredibly short space of time, in this instance, obscured everything around. Our proximity to the shore rendered the circumstance hazardous to us, and it appeared necessary that the vessel's head should be again put seaward; but this the captain was evidently anxious to avoid, as it involved the risk of protracting the voyage. A general rummage for ammunition was therefore ordered, and a supply of this necessary having been obtained, the ship's carronade was, after considerable delay, put in order, and minute-guns were fired. After discharging some thirty rounds or more, we were relieved from the state of anxiety we were in by a pilot hailing the ship, and in a minute after he was on deck issuing orders with great pertinacity.

The pilot informed us that he had kept our vessel in chase for a considerable time, and had burnt a number of newspapers on the deck of his cutter to attract attention, but all his efforts proved unavailing, when just as he was about to abandon the pursuit, he descried and hailed the ship. This being the first specimen of an American whom many of the passengers had seen in his native climate, their curiosity was aroused, and they crowded round him, regarding every word and movement with the greatest attention and interest. The pilot was evidently displeased with being made "a lion" of, and gave vent to his feelings rather freely, while there was a curl of hauteur on his lip, that indicated a species of contempt for the company he was in. This disposition did not convey a very favourable idea of his countrymen, and was, to say the least of it, an ill-judged display before strangers; coming, however, as it did, from an illiterate man, belonging, as I knew from previous inquiry, to rather an exceptional class of individuals in America, I did not suffer my mind to be biased, although I could see that many of the passengers were not disposed to view the matter in the same light. He was a brusque and uncouth man, of swaggering gait, about forty years of age, above the middle stature, and soon let the captain and crew know, by his authoritative manner and volubility of tongue, that he was chief in command on the occasion. No one seemed, however, to dispute this, for the passengers looked on him as a sort of divinity sent to their rescue; the ship's hands were implicitly obedient, and the captain very soon after his arrival retired into the cabin, glad to be relieved from a heavy responsibility. The following morning, the haze having cleared off, we could again see the Jersey shore.

The scenery, as we afterwards passed up the river Hudson, was calculated to give a good impression of the country, the zest being, however, without doubt, greatly heightened by the monotonous dreariness of a tempestuous voyage. The highlands and valleys, as we sailed up, had a verdant woody appearance, and were interspersed with rural and chateau scenery; herds of cattle remarkable for length of horn, and snow-white sheep, were grazing placidly in the lowlands. The coun-

try, as far as I could judge, seemed in a high state of culture, and the farms, to use an expression of the celebrated Washington Irving's, when describing, I think, a farm-yard view in England, appeared "redolent of pigs, poultry, and sundry other good things appertaining to rural life."

On arriving at the approach to the entrance or mouth of the river Hudson, which is formed by an arm of the estuary, we turned the promontory, leaving Jersey on the left, the battery as we entered the harbour being in the foreground. The guns bristled from this fortress with menacing aspect, and the sentinels, in light-blue uniforms and Kosciusko caps, silently paced the ramparts with automatic regularity. This fortification, though formidable in appearance, and certainly in a commanding position, I was subsequently informed is little more than a mimic fort; this arises from the want of attention paid to defences of the kind in America, the little existing chance of invasion, perhaps, causing the indifference to the subject. This has heretofore been so far neglected, as regards the marine, that, not long before I arrived, the commander of a French ship of war was much chagrined, on firing a salute as he passed the battery at New York, to find that his courtesy was not returned in the customary way. He complained of the omission as either a mark of disrespect to himself, or an insult to his nation, when it came out in explanation that the garrison was in such a defective state, that there were not the appliances at hand to observe this national etiquette.

The city of New York is built almost close to the water's edge, with a broad levee or wharf running round a great portion of it. Its general appearance gives to a stranger an impression of its extent and importance. It has been aptly and accurately described as a dense pack of buildings, comprising every imaginable variety, and of all known orders of modernized architecture. The tide flows close up to the wharves which run outside of the city, and differs so little in height at ebb or flow, that vessels of the largest class ride, I believe, at all times as safely as in the West India docks in London, or the imperial docks of Liverpool. Here was assembled an incalculable number of vessels of all sizes and all nations, forming a beautiful and picturesque view of commercial enterprise and grandeur, perhaps outvying every other port in the world, not excepting Liverpool itself.

As our vessel could not at once be accommodated with a berth, owing to the crowded state of the harbour, she was moored in the middle of the stream, and being anxious to go on shore, I availed myself of the captain's offer to take me to the landing-place in his gig. We went on shore in an alcove, at the foot of Wall-street, and I experienced the most delightful sensation on once more setting foot on *terra firma*, after our dreary voyage. The day, notwithstanding it was now October, was intensely hot, although a severe frost for two or three days before gave indications of approaching winter, and the streets being unmacadamized, had that arid look we read of in accounts of the plains of Arabia, the dust being quite deep, and exceeding in quantity anything of the kind I had ever seen in European cities: clouds

of it impregnated the air, and rendered respiration and sight difficult.

Hundreds of rudely constructed drays were passing to and fro, heavily laden with merchandise, many of them drawn by mules, and the remainder by very light horses of Arabian build; the heavy English dray-horse was nowhere to be seen, the breed, as I afterwards learned, not being cultivated, from a dislike to its ponderousness.

The lower part of Wall-street presented a busy mart-like appearance, every description of goods being piled heterogeneously before the warehouse-doors of their respective owners in the open thoroughfare, which is at this part very wide. Auctioneers were here busily engaged in the disposal of their merchandise, which comprised every variety of produce and manufacture, home and foreign, from a yard of linsey-woolsey, "hum spun," as they termed it, to a bale of Manchester long-cloth, or their own sea-island cotton. The auctioneer in America is a curious specimen of the biped creation. He is usually a swaggering, consequential sort of fellow, and, drives away at his calling with wondrous impudence and pertinacity, dispensing, all the while he is selling, the most fulsome flattery or the grossest abuse on those who stand around. One of these loquacious animals was holding forth to a crowd, just below the "Courier and Inquirer" newspaper office, where the street widens, as a preliminary introduction to the sale of a quantity of linen goods that had been damaged at a recent fire in the neighbourhood. I could not help admiring the man's tact. Fixing his eyes on an individual in a white dress, with an enormous Leghorn hat on his head, who was apparently eagerly listening, while smoking a cigar, to the harangue, he suddenly exclaimed, "There now is senator Huff, from the state of Missouri, he heard of this vendue a thousand mile up river, and wall knows I'm about to offer somethin woth havin; look at him, he could buy up the fust five hundred folks hed cum across anywhar in this city, and what's more, he's a true patriot, made o' the right kinder stuff, I guess."

He followed up the eulogium at great length, and after liberally dispensing "soft soap" on the listeners, declared the auction had commenced. I stood by for some minutes, gazing around and watching the operations, and was not long in discovering that his friend kept running up the articles by pretended bids, and was evidently in league with him, in fact a confederate. This auctioneer was the very emblem of buffoonery and blackguardism; the rapidity with which he repeated the sums, supposed by the bystanders to be bid, the curt yet extravagant praise bestowed on his wares, and his insulting and unsparing remarks if a comment were made on the goods he offered, or if the company did not respond in bidding, stamped him as one of the baser sort of vulgarians.

Sales of this description were going on in every direction, and the street rang with the stentorian voices of the sellers. Many of these were mock auctions, as an observer of any intelligence would detect, and as I ascertained beyond doubt almost directly after leaving this man's stand; for, stepping into an open store close at hand, of which

there are ranges on either side of the street, a sale of jewellery and watches was going on. A case of jewellery, containing, among other things, a gold watch and chain, apparently of exquisite workmanship, was put up just as I entered, and was started at six cents per article. Bid after bid succeeded, until, at last, the lot was knocked down to a southern gentleman present at fifty cents per item. On making the purchase, he naturally wished to know how many articles the box contained. This information, on the plea that it would delay the sale, was withheld. The auctioneer, however, insisted on the payment of a deposit of fifty dollars, in compliance with the published conditions of the sale, which sum, after a demur on the part of the purchaser, was paid. I could see, however, that he was now sensible he had been duped, and I afterwards learnt that some forty or fifty articles, of almost every fancy description, many of them worthless, such as pins, knives, tweezers, and a variety of other knick-knacks, were artfully concealed from view, by means of a false bottom to the case; this being lifted up revealed the truth. The man was greatly enraged on finding he had been cheated, but was treated with the most audacious coolness, and after some altercation left the store, as he said, to seek redress elsewhere; but I have no doubt he went off with the intention of losing his deposit.

Proceeding up Wall-street in the direction of Broadway, I reached that portion of it frequented by stock and real-estate brokers. Here crowds of gentlemanly-looking men, dressed mostly in black, and of busy mien, crowded the thoroughfare with scrip in hand. Each appeared intensely absorbed in business, and as I gazed on the assemblage, I could discover unmistakable symptoms of great excitement and mental anxiety, the proportion of rueful countenances being much greater than is usually seen in similar places of resort in England; a sudden depression in the market at the time might, however, account for much of this, although it is well known that brokers and speculators on the American continent engage in the pursuit with the avidity of professed gamblers.

After a few days' rest at my boarding-house, to which I was recommended by a touter, and which was in Canal-street, and was kept by a "cute" Down-easter, or native of the New England States, with whom I engaged for bed and board for eight dollars per week, I sallied forth to make my intended observations, preparatory to leaving for the west. Everything wore a novel aspect. The number of foreigners seen in the thoroughfares, the tawdry flimsily-built carriages, which strangely contrast with the more substantial ones seen in England, and the dresses of the people, all seemed strange to me. The habiliments of one or two in particular riveted my attention. The first was a Kentuckian, who was dressed in a suit of grey home-spun cloth, and wore on his head a fantastical cap, formed of a racoon-skin, beautifully striped, the ears projecting just above his forehead on each side, while the fore feet of the animal, decorated with red cloth, formed the ear-laps, and the tail depended over his back like a quieu, producing a ludicrous effect. His appearance as he passed along attracted little notice, such vagaries being common in America.

Varieties.

PEACE AT HOME.—It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful and an orderly house as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbour's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbour's house; and a wife, as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy.

Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we ever gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill humour punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.—*Phillip.*

SECRET OF USEFULNESS.—Above the ordinary level of the ministry and membership of the church, we occasionally see one and another rising up who become conspicuous for their great goodness and usefulness. We do not mean those who court notoriety by a 'hoisy' zeal, or by the clamour with which they urge forward some favourite hobby. We have learned to think little of such men, and to become offended with their officious pretensions. Far different are they from the men whom the love of Christ constrains and the love of souls inflames; such men as Brainerd, and Edwards, and Payson, of the new world; and Whitefield, and Martyn, and Francke, and Neff, of the old. These men were not eager aspirants for fame, but while pursuing a far different object, fame attached itself to them. They left the impress of their zeal on the neighbourhoods in which they dwelt, and many rose up to call them blessed. Wherein consisted the secret of their usefulness? Was it simply in their successful mental cultivation; or in their powers of eloquence? No; but in their constant, devout, and humble waiting upon God. Prayer was their favourite resort, and the answer to it was the secret of their power. Christians of the present day may well take a lesson from such men. As a body, they are active; but is there not reason to fear that there is too little of that importunate and earnest prayer which infuses life into the pulpit? "Watch and pray" is a direction for all; to the ministry, especially, it is a rule which cannot be neglected, without endangering more than their own souls.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—Cotton Mather, giving an account of the war which the Indians commenced against New England in the year 1675, thus relates what took place in Hadley, 1676:—"On June 12th, seven hundred Indians made an assault upon Hadley; but they were driven off with much loss to them, and very small to ourselves." Seven hundred Indians were an immense force against a small infant town, such as Hadley then was. But the people had extraordinary help. I will relate the circumstances, as my recollection of what I have read some years since will enable me to do. The people of Hadley were assembled in their meeting-house, when an unknown, venerable-looking man presented himself, gave warning that the Indians were coming upon them, and then disappeared. The people did what they could to repel their savage assailants, but they were overpowered by numbers, and began to give way. At this most critical

moment their venerable friend appeared again, and, with a commanding air and authority, rallied them, and directed their movements, until their savage foe was repulsed. He then vanished from their sight. The people were, of course, greatly affected by the seasonable interposition of such a helper. But who was he? Where did he come from? Where did he go to? What did the minister, Mr. Russell, think about it? They obtained no satisfactory information on the subject; and they piously concluded that God had sent an angel from heaven to deliver them. In this conclusion they long rested. But Mr. Russell knew all about the matter. He had received secretly into his family, and had harboured there, Goffe and Whalley, two men who had sat as judges in the court in England which condemned Charles I. to be beheaded. One of these men had been a colonel under Cromwell; and now discovering the Indians from Mr. Russell's house, he had given the alarm; and seeing the people giving way, he came forth to rally them, and as soon as possible retired to his covert. There was as much wisdom, power, and goodness in this interposition, as though an angel had actually come from heaven to save God's people.

HOW MEN DIE WITHOUT THE BIBLE.—The Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, at a late anniversary of the American Bible Society, stated, with thrilling interest, a private conversation he had with a gentleman of renown (whose name he would not mention), just before going to his account: "As for the Bible," said the sage, "it may be true; I do not know." "What, then," it was asked, "are your prospects?" He replied in whispers, which, indeed, were thunders, "Very dark—very dark!" "But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness?" "Have you done justice to the Bible?" "Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is now too late—too late!"

A GREAT MAN'S PREFERENCE.—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed; the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

MY MOTHER IN HER CLOSET.—"Nothing," says a writer, "used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion, as my mother's counsels and prayers." Very frequently she retired with her children to a private room; and after she had read the Bible with us, and given us some good instruction and advice, knelt down with us and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervour, I have seldom known equalled. These seasons were always pleasant to us, and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me almost an angel; her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance, indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times. It would have been impossible. I felt then that it was a great blessing to have a praying mother, and I have felt it much more sensibly since. Those counsels and prayers time will never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution."

PAYMENT OF DEBTS.—It not unfrequently happens that people contract debts without any prospect of ever being able to pay them; and it is sometimes the case that they who have the ability are unwilling to discharge their liabilities, and by their unjustifiable neglect cause serious inconvenience to those to whom they are indebted. For professing Christians to do thus, is a reproach upon the power and purity of the Christian religion.